



Murders in New York City



mystery

murder

new_york

33 2 5

Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

I kick down the door with one well placed kick. Take that sergeant Jones- girls can kick down doors just as well as guys. "NYPD" I yell.

This is it.

The elusive serial killer who flayed his victims alive should be here. We got footage of the suspect entering the building.

"Kitchen Clear!"

"Clear!"

I enter the bedroom. For the love of- the murderer is asleep. "I got him!" He startles awake. "Alexander Parnell, you are under arrest for the murder of Angela Homer, Patric Walker, Caroline Lumm, and Jake Olmec.

"Wait! Wait, I'm innocent!"

Nobody ever believes somebody is innocent when being arrested.

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But one month later we h

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Chapter 2 by ROHIT NAIK



Reopening a closed case was never easy. Especially when it has got plenty of attention from the media. Now we had two enemies, the killer and the media.

The games people play.....

I sat on my desk,going through the photos of the latest victim.

Flayed alive. Fits the MO of the killer.

We were back to square one, a vague physical description from the neighborhood was all we had now. No fingerprints and apparently the killer used a knife to flay the victim. The case was getting difficult with each passing day.

The team's eagerness to solve the case or their lack of attention to details led to a merry blunder and fodder for the *socio-digitally-interactive-people* of New York to prey on. The mayor's office and the DA were pointing fingers at each other and our department was officially a scapegoat.

The phone started ringing. I reluctantly picked up the receiver.

"Hello officer.....I hope my last work of art was flayed to your liking. I was very disappointed when you caught the wrong guy instead of me, though it gave me a momentary solace of having the monkey off my back . But where is the fun in killing when there is no heat on you eh?? So I've decided to come right back in the thick of the things."

For a second I thought it was some jerk who wanted to fool us. But then the cold demeanor in his voice made me feel otherwise. I silently alerted my partner. " What do you want mister?Is this some kind of a joke..?"

The killer continued" Oh..I want nothing miss goody two shoes....but to make things more interesting, I've decided to play a small game with you. You have 24 hrs to stop me from flaying another innocent soul...and the clues to find the victim have been left behind on the crime scene heh heh heh!!"

And out of nowhere the homicide See more of Story Wars [bring to life.](#)

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